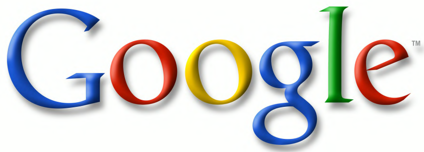
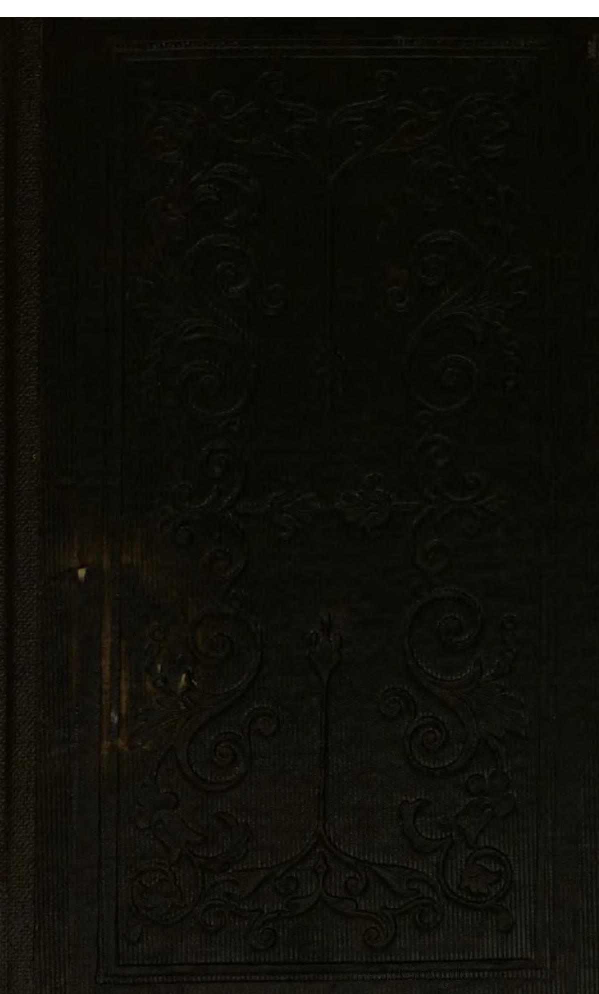
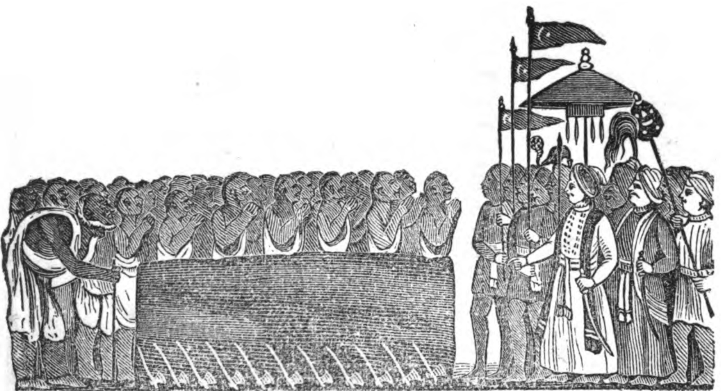





UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN - MADISON
LIBRARY

James William Staples's Book
Presented Him By His
Brother Charles H. Staples



THE LOG OF WHICH JUGGERNAUT WAS MADE.

THE STRENGTH OF HINDOOISM;

OR,

HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

BY ELI NOYES,
LATE MISSIONARY AT ORISSA.

"Among the gods, there is none like unto thee, O Lord." Psalm lxxxvi : 8.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WAITE, PEIRCE & CO.,
No 1 CORNHILL.
1846.

G. C. RAND, Printer, 3 Cornhill.

HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

THE character of the Hindoos differs in many respects from that of all other nations, ancient or modern. Though from time immemorial they have been subject to foreign powers, they have preserved unchanged their manners, customs, and religion. The Persians, Grecians, Arabians, Turks, Afghans, Portuguese, Dutch, and the English, have in turn all conquered and governed this unhappy country; still the habits of the Hindoos are precisely what they were when Alexander conducted his forces across the Hydaspes into the western frontiers of India.

The reason why they have never been susceptible of foreign influence is found in the fact that the great mass of the population have nothing to do with the supreme government of the country. Each individual must pay his rent to his landholder, who alone stands amenable to the supreme authorities, and though dynasty after dynasty has arisen and fallen, the great body of the Hindoos have never come in close contact with their chief rulers. Whether their government be Heathen, Mahomedan, or Christian, they are alike unaffected in their internal character and domestic habits as a people.

A very distinguishing trait in the character of the Hindoos is that division into classes called

caste, the rules of which forbid all social intercourse between different orders.

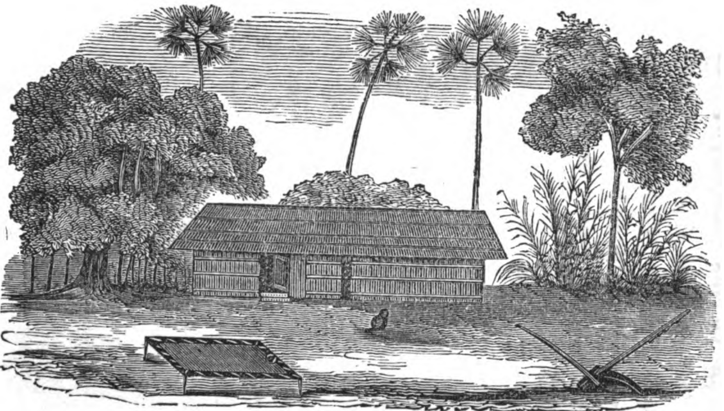
The Hindoo word for caste is *Jatee* (birth), implying that one must continue of the same caste in which he was born till death, which terminates the concomitants of the *present* birth.

A Hindoo may acquire wealth, learning, or even be elevated to a throne, yet his caste continues unaffected. Many have been the speculations in regard to the origin of this peculiar feature of Hindoo society ; but from their books and other sources the most rational inference that can be drawn is, that caste is the result of the influx of foreigners at different periods of time. The people of each country formed a class distinct from all

the rest, and in their time maintained a supremacy over the land, till succeeded by a more powerful people from another nation.

Thus India appears to be made up of all nations. The great diversity of customs, features, and complexion, seems to confirm this theory, as well as numerous traditions held by the people themselves. The Brahmins, the priests of India, are supposed to have emigrated from Egypt, and to have converted the Hindoos to their religion. For many years a furious contest was maintained between them and the Rajpoots, the military class of India, which ended in an accommodation, the Rajpoots taking the *political* and the Brahmins the *ecclesiastical* authority of the country. This theory is

proved by the resemblance between the Brahminical and ancient Egyptian religions, and is farther substantiated by a tradition held by some of these people themselves.



SANTAL HOUSE.

An interesting enquiry now arises. If the Brahmins of India are foreigners, and have converted the Hindoos to their religion, are there still remaining in India any people who have till this day remained unaffected by the Brahminical priesthood? *There are*; and such a class is to be found scattered throughout Hindoostan, among the hills, a people that may be considered the very aborigines of the country. Though dispersed over so wide a territory, and known by different names, such as *Santals*, *Bhoomejas*, *Coles*, and *Kunds*, their language, manners, customs, and religion, are nearly the same, and differ widely from those of their Hindoo neighbors. These hill people have no books, priests, temples, or images; but the master of

a family conducts worship in the open air, by sacrificing fowls and goats to the *sun*, which luminary they hold to be the Supreme Being. Some of these people make human sacrifices in honor of certain fancied deities or demons. The Kunds for instance, a people who live in the south part of Orissa, have long been accustomed to the purchasing or stealing of children, and fattening them several months, or for as many years. On some propitious day the child is brought out and confined to a post. A large company of men gather around, each one holding a sharp knife in his hand, and at a signal given by the chief, they all rush upon their victim, and it is believed that he who cuts the first piece of flesh from his body will

have the most abundant harvest. In this manner the child is destroyed piecemeal. They regard this as a decidedly religious institution, as will be seen by the following song which they sing on the occasion:

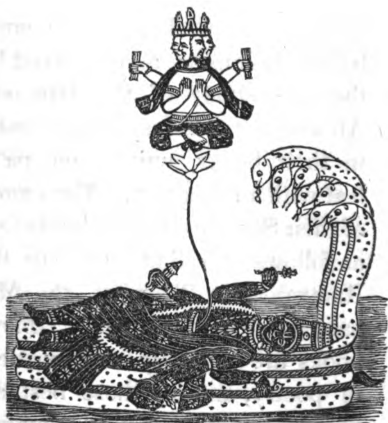
Hail mother, hail! Hail goddess Bhobanee,
Lo, we present a sacrifice to thee.
Partake thereof and let it pleasure give,
And in return let us thy grace receive.
With music's varied sound on festive day,
Lo! thee we honor and thy rites obey.
Hail, all ye gods who in the mountain dwell,
In the wild jungle or the lonely dell,
Come all together, come with one accord,
And taste the sacrifice we have prepared.
In all the fields and all the plots we sow,
O let a rich and plenteous harvest grow.
O all ye gods and goddesses give ear,
And be propitious to our earnest prayer.
Behold a youth for sacrifice decreed,
Blooming with tender flesh and flushed with blood,
No sire, no matron view him as their own,
His flesh, his blood, his life, his all are thine.
Without the pale of sacred wedlock born,
We took and fed him for thy rite alone.
Lo, now with rites from all pollution free,
We offer him, O Bhobanee, to thee!

Taste now this offering, satisfy thy heart,
And we will joyful to our homes depart.
Taste now the offering, and propitious be,
And let us all marks of thy favor see.
Translated by Rev. C. Lacey.

I have seen many of these children who were intended for sacrifice, but had been rescued by a British army and placed in Christian schools. With a small force the English might put an end to this horrid custom, and that too without the effusion of blood ; and does not humanity and justice call them to the work ?

Let it be remembered that the people to whom I have referred are the aborigines of India, bearing the same relation to the great mass of the Hindoo population that the North American Indians bear to the inhabitanis of the United States.

Having disposed of the original proprietors of the soil, we shall now give a succinct account of that system of religion propagated by the Brahmins, and received by the great body of the Hindoos. An account of this system is found in their books, written on palm leaf with an iron pen. The names of their Shastres, or holy books, are as follows: the Bades or Veds, the Ramyan, the Bhagabat, the Mahabharat, and others. These books are generally well written, in poetry, and by those best acquainted with oriental languages, are believed to possess literary merit. Some parts of them would by no means suffer by a comparison with the composition of Latin and Greek poets.



ANUNTA SAYAN, PARAMASWA-
RA, OR BRUMHA.*

* The *a* is broad like *a* in fall.

In referring to the Hindoo pantheon, the first being that requires our notice is called PARAMASWARA. To him they apply various terms expressive of infinity, though the stories related of him seem to curtail all his attributes. They do not believe him to be the moral governor of the universe, but suppose him to have committed the care of this world to certain subordinate deities, while he lies on the back of the eternal serpent that floats on the sea of milk. He is altogether too great a being to notice the petty affairs of this life, and as he is not at all dependent upon outward objects for happiness, but possessing every ingredient of bliss within his own nature, he finds no state so congenial to him as repose or sleep.

To have enough to eat and no work to do, is the highest state of enjoyment of which the sensual mind of a Hindoo can conceive, hence nothing is more natural than to make this the state of their supreme god. All matter and spirit originally emanated from this god, and will eventually return to him again. Every thing is therefore a part of god; all the visible, belonging to his body, and the invisible, to his soul. In process of time, a water lily grew from the body of Anunter Sayan, (the eternal sleeper) from which *Brumha*, the Creator, is said to have sprung. Bishnoo, or Vishnoo, and Shibo, or Siva, are also said to have originated in some way from the sleeper.



BRUMHA.*

* The final *a* in Brumha, must have the long Italian sound of *a* in father. Give it the broad sound of a in fall and the name is applied to the great god of all, represented by the preceeding cut. Many ludicrous mistakes have been published in celebrated works, by confounding these two names.

1. The image of Brumha is represented as a man with four faces, looking towards the four points of the compass. The four Baids are said to have originated from his four mouths. The four castes sprung from him, viz.: the Brahmin from his head, the Ketra from his breast, the Boisya from his body, and the Soodra from his feet. He has four hands, with two of which he performs penance, in one he holds the four Baids, and in the other a small hammer with which he created the world. His moral character is represented in the Hindoo books as false and lascivious in the extreme.



BISHNOO, OR VISHNOO.

2. Bishnoo, or Vishnoo, the second god in the Hindoo trinity, is represented as a blue man, with four hands, in which he holds the wheel, the club, the shell and the flower, the emblems of his divinity. He is attended by Garuda, a being half bird and half man, upon which he rides. Bishnoo's character is represented as exceedingly vile, and his body even now bears the impress of a Brahmin's foot, who kicked him for his crimes. For the purpose of preserving this world, Bishnoo has taken upon himself nine incarnations, and is yet to take the tenth.



SHEBO, SHEEB, MAHADABE, OR SIVA.

3. Shebo, or Mahadabe, the destroyer, is represented as a white man with three eyes, in the guise of a mendicant, his body besmeared with ashes. He and his wife, Parbotee, are so vindictive, that they are only to be propitiated by great austerities.

Many stories are related in the Shastres, illustrative of the weakness and cowardice of this god; among them is the following:— A demon named Basmasoora became passionately fond of Mahadabe's wife, and took the following sagacious method to obtain her. He began to devote himself to a life of austerities, for the purpose of propitiating Mahadabe. After suffering a long time, Mahadabe appeared and asked what he desired. O, said the wily demon,

it is but little of thy vast dominions I crave, I only wish that upon whose head I put my hand he may turn to ashes. Done, said Mahadabe. The demon now extends his hand to place it upon Mahadabe's own head. Seeing this, the god was much alarmed and ran to the heaven of Bishnoo, and besought that god to assist him, which Bishnoo promised to do. He had no sooner gone than the furious demon came up and was thus accosted by the all-fascinating Bishnoo. Why are you racing around after that *fool* ? Know you not that he is under a curse to wander through the whole canopy, and that his blessing confers no such efficacy as you suppose. Now just to convince yourself that what I say is true, place

your hand upon your own head. The demon, being fascinated by the irresistible power of Bishnoo, put his hand upon his own head, and instantly fell to ashes.

Such is a brief description of the three great Hindoo deities, as extracted from their own Shastres, and all the lesser ones are their legitimate or illegitimate offspring.

The wife of Shibo, called Parbotee, Doonga, or Kalee, is vindictive in the extreme, making a suitable companion for her vicious husband. We will dismiss her with a versification of what is called a hymn of praise to Doorga:

Hail greatest of goddesses, victory unto thee,
Victory unto thee, Hurree Chandee.
In thy forehead thy red mark appeared so glowing,
O Dabee, we tremble to see thee.
At thy ears hang the gold rings so large and so brilliant,
At thy nose is the rich gapamatee,*

* Jewel.

Thy hands hold the cleaver and trident and blood
dish,
So dreadful appears Bhagabattee.
Sixty four times ten millions of witches and spec-
tres,
Thee their patroness and mistress attending.
Thou art Loksmee, the primeval mother of all
things,
In creation we see thee extending.
In each house dost thou enter, on *holiness* think-
ing,
There to dwell with the pure thou art wont.
Fifteen million times than a warrior stronger,
Thine arm Moyassoor did slay;
Thy sword Roktabija, the dread demon laid low,
And the fear of the gods did allay.
The wife of Eswara, a strange, fearful demon,
A ghost and the mother of all.
Nineteen millions of devils, all females and fearful,
From thy body came forth at thy call.
With round eyes and flat forehead thou starest
portentions,
And utterest thy dread voice in thunder.
With thy cleaver and blood-dish and bloody-tongue
quivering,
Thou enterest grave yards, devouring choice
corpses,
Still with battlefield slaughter unfilled,
How sweet is the blood of the good man unto thee,
Still his gore from thy mouth is distilled.
Thou rejoicest to hear the dread battle's loud
slaughter,
The sound of the Ra! Ra! so dire.
The chief of the holy, thy names, lady, are many,
At the cry of Ra! Ra! swiftly flying.

Nine hundred times counted one thousand of witches
Of ghosts and of devils obey thee.
In the silence of midnight, when dark are thy witches,
A corpse for a vehicle using,
When the fresh dead are lying, thou a feast gladly makest,
With the green skulls thy fancy amusing.
When the flames of the funeral gleam through the night's darkness,
When the dead they are went to consume,
How swiftly thou runnest to snuff the rich odors,
To thee they are richest perfume.
To thy timbrel's jingle, in the air ever sounding,
Ghosts and devils innumerable dance;
They share in thy honors and share in thy worship,
As thy name and thy praise they advance.
Thou art greater than Brumha, or Bishnoo, or Shebo,
Thou art called the great Bhagbattee.

Translated by Rev. C. Lacey.

Bishnoo, the Preserver, has taken upon himself nine incarnations, and is yet to take the tenth.



1.

MATCH—Fish Incarnation.

1. The first incarnation of Bishnoo is a being half fish and half man, called the MATCH. He has four arms,with which he holds the emblems of his divinity. The occasion of his appearing in this form was as follows :—A pious prince whose name was Sutyabrut, had long deplored the wickedness of the age, and had often supplicated Bishnoo for relief. One day while bathing, according to Hindoo custom, he took up a handful of water as an offering to the sun, in which he espied a small fish; it thus addressed him, "O king, my life is sought by a malignant and powerful demon. If you are a merciful man, why do you throw me into the mouth of my enemy." Hearing this supplication, Sutyabrut put him into his brass dish

and carried him home, but he no sooner arrived than the fish had grown so large that the dish could no langer contain him, and he besought the king for more room. Accordingly he was put into a tank. Shortly after, the same phenomena again took place, and the king replaced him in the sea.

The fish now applauds him for his kindness, and assures him that he had heard his prayer and was about to destroy all the wicked of the earth by a flood. The fish also informs the king that he must take his family, consisting of eight thousand souls, to a certain mountain, where he would find a ship for their preservation. He went at the appointed time, and they all entered the vessel. At this time, the wonderful fish appeared and



II.

KATCH—Tortoise.

bore the bark safely on his back, amidst the contending elements.

It is not my design at present to enter into any speculation, but I leave the reader to judge whether this story be not a corruption of the Mosaic account of the flood.

2. The second form that Bishnoo assumed for the preservation of the world, was a being half man and half tortoise, called the KATCH, the account of which is as follows:—

The gods and demons determined to churn the sea, for the purpose of obtaining the essence of immortality. For this work they took the great mountain Mundera for a staff, and the king of serpents for a churn-rope. When the mountain was thrown into the sea it sunk, and they were unable

to recover it till Bishnoo assumed the form of a tortoise and held it upon his back, while the gods and demons by means of the serpent whirled it around and succeeded in churning the sea. After they had obtained the substance that gives immortality, the gods ate it all themselves, cheating the demons out of their part. In consequence of this the demons are liable to death, while the gods live forever.



BARAHA—Swine.

3. The third incarnation of the Preserver, was a being half swine and half man, called BARAHA. It is related in the Shastres that a powerful demon once succeeded in drawing the newly formed earth under water. All the sages and gods now supplicate Bishnoo for protection, and he becoming propitious, assumes the form of a swine, and holds the earth above the waters on his tusk.



NARA-SING—Lion-man.

4. The fourth time the Preserver appeared, was in the form of a being half lion and half man, called NARASING. He came for the purpose of destroying a demon prinde called Heranya-Kashpu. This prince had a pious son, who worshipped the invisible Bishnoo, and paid no regard to the vain ceremonies of the age. On account of this departure from the creed of his ancestors, his father was much displeased with him, and one day asked his son in a paroxysm of rage, where the god was that he worshipped. The son replied that he was every where. He is then in this pillar, rejoined the father. Yes, said the son, he is in this pillar. If here, said the enraged father, I will smite him; so saying he struck the pillar with

great violence, when lo, Bishnoo, in the form of a lion-man, issued out of it and tore the profane father in pieces.



BAMAN—Dwarf.

5. The fifth time the Preserver appeared, was in the form of a dwarf called BAMAN. He was born of Brahmin parents, and as soon as he became a man, he assumed the guise of a religious mendicant. The occasion of his appearance in this form is thus related in the Shastres. King Balee had received a blessing that his race should never become extinct. Having no children, the blessing secured the perpetuity of his own existence. With this security he began to tyrannize over gods and men. At length, all with one accord began to supplicate Bishnoo for protection. Bishnoo heard the cry and came in the form of a dwarf to the palace of Balee to ask alms. The king was much amused with the little dwarf, and told

him to ask what he pleased and it should be given him. The dwarf replied that he only wanted enough of this world to set three feet upon; the king insisted upon his asking something more noble; but he asserted that a religious mendicant needed no more. Balee's religious guide, being better acquainted with Bishnoo's illusions, warned his master against granting the petition, assuring him that the dwarf was no less than an incarnation of Bishnoo. Balee turned a deaf ear to his counsel and granted the petition. No sooner had this been done, and the deed sealed with the King's signature, than the mysterious dwarf with one foot filled all earth, with the other all heaven, and at the same time a third sprung from his body,

which placing upon the head of Balee, he thrust him into hell.



PRASURAM.

6. PRASURAM, the sixth incarnation of the Preserver, was the son of a sage called Jamadagnee, who spent his time in the lonely jungles. Brumha had given this sage a cow, by means of which wonderful animal he could at any time obtain any thing he desired. It happened that Orjun, a celebrated military chieftain, as he was returning from his conquests, called upon this sage and requested supplies for his army. By means of this wonderful cow, the supplies were immediately procured. Orjun expressed his astonishment that so poor a sage should be able to procure such liberal provision for so great an army in so short a time, and he was told that it was by means of the cow. Orjun coveted the cow and he determined

to possess her, and as he could not obtain her as a free gift, he made war upon the sage and slew him. In the affray, the cow escaped home to the heaven of Brumha. The Hindoos to this day show two holes in a ledge, about a foot deep, in the shape of cows' hoofs. This, they say, was the place from which she took her leap to heaven. Prasuram now resolves to revenge the death of his father, and in twenty-one battles he defeated and destroyed the most of the race of soldiers. In accordance with a vow made to his father, though at this time he was ignorant of the extent of his promise, he slew his own mother.



RAMACHUNDRA.

7. RAMACHUNDRA is the seventh incarnation, and was the son of Dasruttee of upper Hindoostan. Ram was the eldest son, and hence was heir to the throne, but relinquished it to his younger brother, and with his beautiful wifeSeta and his brother Lockyana, went to the jungle, preferring the life of a mendicant to the splendors of a court.

A demon prince of Ceylon who had long held a grudge against Ram, took the following method to afflict him. One day as Ram was sitting with his wife and brother in the arbor, the demon Rabana caused an *illusive* deer to pass before them. Seta seeing the beautiful animal, desired her husband to shoot it for her. Ram, being fond of the chase, took his bow and followed the deer into the

jungle and slew it. The illusive animal in dying, or pretending to die, uttered a groan so like that of Ram in distress that Seta sent his brother to see what was the matter. During his absence Rabana came and conveyed Seta to Ceylon. Rama returned, and finding his wife gone was quite inconsolable, and wandered about almost insane, in search of her. At length learning that she had been transported to Ceylon by the wicked Rabana, he resolves to go and make war upon him, to rescue his wife. Having no soldiers, he enlists a host of bears and monkeys, the former of which he placed under the generalship of Soogreebe, and the latter under Hannamunt. But the merciful Ram, after crossing from the con-

tinent to Ceylon, and stationing his army in the mountain of Sobalya, sent a message to Rabana in which he offers peace in case he will deliver up the captive Seta. This message was treated with contempt by the presumptuous Rabana.

Before the commencement of the battle, Hannamunt scaled the walls of the city, that were one hundred miles high and four miles thick, and as he stood surveying the army of Ram his long tail reached the ground within the city. Seeing this, a woman set it on fire. To get revenge Hannamunt switched it among the thatch buildings and set them all in a blaze. After this he drew his tail through his mouth to quench it, and in so doing scorched the hair

on his face, on which account the Hindoos say that the great baboon of India has a black face. Here is a standing proof of the truth of their sacred books! After a long and severe contest, Ram slew his foe and rescued his wife.



KRISHNOO, OR GOPENATH.

8. Krishnoo, or the eighth incarnation of Bishnoo, is represented as a blue man, holding a flute in his hands. The history of this god, contained in the 10th book of the Bhagabat, is given at great length. The substance is as follows. The king of Mathura had a son called Kungsa, who possessed the spirit of a demon, and had wickedly usurped the throne of his father. Kungsa had a sister called Dabakee, surpassing all other damsels for beauty. This sister was espoused to a pious man named Basudabe. On their marriage day Kungsa made a great feast, inviting all the kings of the surrounding countries. Now as he was sitting upon the driver's seat, and guiding the nuptial car, a voice from the sky warned him

that the eighth child of the bride should accomplish his destruction. Hearing this, he seized his sister by the hair and was about to slay her, but was besought by the bridegroom to desist, who promised to deliver all the children that she might bear into his hands.

The following is a poetical translation of Basudabe's supplication. The reader will excuse errors for I am no poet:

Now Basudabe with heaving breast
His supplication thus addressed:
Great monarch Kungsa deign to hear,
And injure not thy sister dear.
Her unborn son thy foe shall be,
But she's no enemy to thee.
The offspring of this trembling maid,
Lo, at thy feet shall all be laid;
And O, ye gods, from every place
Bear witness in this solemn case.
Thus Basudabe his bosom vents,
And Kungsa's iron heart relents,
Believes the vow, withholds the blow,
And lets the captive goddess go.

And now with joy the parties come
To taste the sweet delights of home.
Many glad days together passed,
But ah! the pang must come at last.
A child is born—so very fair,
Cupid could not with him compare.
When Basudabe the babe beheld,
With what sharp pangs his breast was filled!
With eyes suffused in tears, said he,
"Which should I keep, my word or thee?"
In hesitation thus he stands,
But soon his sympathies commands,
Resolves to keep the vow he made,
At Kungsa's feet the infant laid.
With wonder all the courtiers gazed,
Kungsa himself stands quite amazed.
And now propitiously he spake—
"Good Basudabe thy offspring take,
Thy loyalty and faith I know,
So take thy smiling boy and go."

After this, Kungsa again became so suspicious of Basudabe and his wife that he thrust them into prison. Here Dabakee had six children, who were all killed by their unfeeling uncle. At length Krishnoo, the eighth child was born, and, both gods and men, parti-

cipated in the joyful event. The poet, after a few moments spent in abstraction of mind, thus addresses Porekya:

"Hear, O Monarch, the birth of Gobinda, by which thy mental darkness will be dispelled. Of the six seasons caused by the sun, it was now the season of the plenteous rains, when births are most propitious. In the month of Bhadrub,* when all the planets had a good elevation. At midnight on the eighth day of the moon's decline, the sun was in the mansion of Rohene† and the queen of night was passing the Brusab,‡ and at the same time all the celestial bodies were most propitious. The clouds now uttered

* A part of August and September.
† The fourth stellar mansion.
‡ Bull, the sign Taurus.

their voices in sounds of distant thunder. The melodious notes of celestial beings were heard, and the heavenly courtezans danced their varied reels, while all the gods rained flowers in rich profusion. Indra now commands the god of wind, "Go thou to Mathura, and taking thy richest perfumes, blow softly o'er hill and plain, but particularly shed thy most delectable breezes in the prison house of Kungsa." Hearing this, the god of wind goes to Mathura and sheds around all his ambrosial sweets. At this time the sky became clear and the earth was filled with delight. The rivers overflowed their banks, and the birds tuned their voices in most cheerful songs. The flowers of the forest expand and dispense

their odoriferous fragrance all around. The holy Brahmins were cheerfully chanting the Baids,* and throwing offerings into the sacred fire. Indeed the whole earth gave signs of gratulation that Krishnoo was about to appear in a human form.

Now just as the queen of night had arisen in the firmament, Gobinda entered the world. His body was the color of the dark blue cloud. About his loins was a scarlet cloth, surpassing in brightness a million Cupids. A golden diadem, studded with pearls, glittered upon his brow. His four arms with which he held the emblems of his divinity, were like pillars of polished emerald."

---

* The most sacred books of the Hindoos, written in sanscrut and read only by the Brahmins.

Such is the description given of the birth of this god. His father was now warned to take the child that same night to Gopepoor and exchange him for the goddess Doorga, that by divine appointment had at the same period been born in the house of Nunda, a herdsman, of his wife Jasoda. Basudabe's fetters fell off, and the prison doors opened of their own accord, and he went and did as he was commanded. Nunda and Jasoda were so sound asleep, that they never knew of the exchange. After Basudabe returned to prison, his fetters resumed their places, and the doors closed. Soon after the child began to cry and awoke the keepers, who had all the while been in a deep sleep. They now hastened to Kungsa to assure him

that his foe had appeared, and would eventually accomplish his destruction. Kungsa goes directly to the prison, and in spite of the entreaties of his sister, took up the infant to dash it in pieces. The seeming infant now vanishes into the air. Kungsa sends his demons through the whole country, who assume various forms, in order to slay Krishnoo. But as many of these monsters as came in his way were slain by the infant god. The most of the 10th book of the Bhagabat, a volume large as the New Testament, is taken up with stories of Krishnoo slaying the demons, and his amorous feats with the milk maids, he having married *only* sixteen thousand! When he became a man he made war upon Kungsa, slew

him, and reigned in his kingdom. He was at last shot by a hunter, who mistook him for a deer.

In the death of Krishnoo was fulfilled the following celebrated prophecy, frequently quoted by the Hindoos:

"By the same arrow with which he slew Balee he must be slain himself. Even Bishnoo could not escape this, and where will one go to escape it?"

In his seventh incarnation, Krishnoo had without provocation, slain King Balee, and now by the same arrow which had passed through many forms, he meets his own fate.



BHOD, DAROO-BRUMHA, OR JUG-GERNAUT.

The preceding cut is a rough representation of the rougher image of JUGGERNAUT, taken from a Hindoo painting. Three images called Juggernaut, Bhalabudra his brother, and Subhudra his sister, conjointly form the Bhod or Daroo-Brumha incarnation of the god Bishnoo, usually termed Juggernaut. Juggernaut is here represented in full costume, and hence appears different from the naked image. Bhalabadra looks like him but is painted somewhat differently, and the sister bears a strong family resemblance but is without arms. Bishnoo is said to have appeared in this form for the purpose of abolishing bloody sacrifices, but, from his subsequent history, one would think he came to perpetuate them. In

these three images there seems to be an effort to conjoin the three great deities of India, as Bhalabudra possesses the nature of Shibo the destroyer, Soobudra the nature of Brumha the creator, and Juggernaut the nature of Bishnoo.

A poem called the Daroo-Brumha gives the following account of his incarnation.

Indradrummon the Raja of Onde became inconsolable for the loss of a favorite image called Nela Mahdeb, and despatched messengers to the four quarters of the globe in search of it. Bedyapattee the messenger who went to the south, found the image on a mountain, then a dense jungle, called Nelakundra, but which is now called Pooree. The idol was reposing under the undying ban-

yan tree, near which was the immortal crow which informs Bedyapattee how to proceed. The messenger at length returns to his master, and informs him of his discovery. Overjoyed at this intelligence, Indradrummon, at a vast expense, cut a road through the dense wilderness, from Oude to Pooree, and built the present temple. The king then repaired to the heaven of Brumha to get that divinity to come and dedicate his temple. Brumha had just entered upon his terpan (daily devotion), one of which lasts several thousand years, and by the time he had gone through, and had accompanied Indradrummon to Pooree, several other kings had reigned during his long absence, and the one on the throne was unwil-

ling to acknowledge his claims. Soon after, however, as they were walking by a tank, several large tortoises jumped furiously into the water. When Brumha inquired why they were terrified, they replied that they had good reason to fear *that* Indradrummon, for they had not forgotten the time when he built that great temple, and made them carry such stones, that though they had been bathing in the cold water ever since, yet they or their posterity had not ceased to perspire like rain. Hearing this, Brumha, of course, decided the case in favor of Indradrummon.

He was then informed where he should find a great Nimb tree, of which the three images were to be constructed. The log was ac-

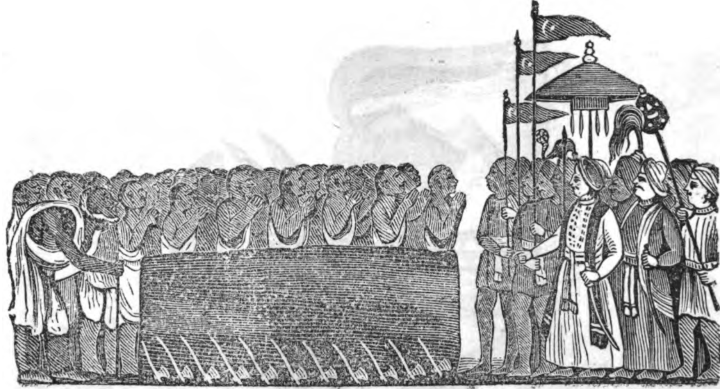
cordingly found on the sea shore about a mile from the present temple; but all efforts to move it were abortive, till at length the king was informed in a vision that the log could be removed only by the performance of religious ceremonies. He accordingly constructed a golden car, placed it by the wood, performed many ceremonies, and prayed, "Come, oh come, thou divine Daroo, and ascend the car I have made." At this the log ascended the car, and transported itself to the temple. *Nine hundred thousand carpenters* were then engaged to form the images, but after receiving part of their pay, to their utter consternation, they found the wood so excessively hard, that their tools could make no impression upon

it. They were now in great fear, as the king threatened them with signal punishment. During this sad dilemma, an aged carpenter, bearing the badges of his profession, made his appearance at the palace door. His head was bald, his teeth were gone, and his feet and legs were very much swollen with *elephantisis*. Having saluted the king, he offers to make the images. The king was quite astonished that so infirm an old man should volunteer to do a piece of work that nine hundred thousand carpenters could not perform, and thus interrogated him: "Who are you, old smiter, and what are your abilities?" "I am," said the aged carpenter, "the son of Anunta Basadeb. I made the earth, the sky, and the ten points

of the compass, and I can make your Daroo, great monarch." The king replied, "his speech is bold, but where is his strength," and so saying, he put his hand upon the old man's shoulder, under the weight of which he fell down, began to cough, and for a long time appeared to be in the agonies of death. He, however, recovered, and the king beginning to suspect him to be superhuman, engaged him to construct the images. The old man now stipulated that the nine hundred thousand carpenters should be relieved from their engagements, and that he should be shut up in the temple twenty-one days, with provisions for the time, during which period he would form the images. The old man then moved the log into the tem-

ple, the door was closed, and sealed with the king's seal. But after the lapse of fourteen days, through the instigation of his queen, the king was induced to break open the door. Having entered, he found that the old man had vanished, leaving the images in an unfinished state. The king's self-condemnation was great, till Bishnoo appeared to him in a vision and assured him that this ugly form was the most suitable for his residence in this present age of vice. This accounts for the uncouth figure of Juggernaut.

This tissue of nonsense is believed by all the Hindoos, and graven upon the minds of their children. When and how, shall they be delivered from such superstition ?



THE LOG OF WHICH JUGGERNAUT WAS MADE.



KALUNKEE.

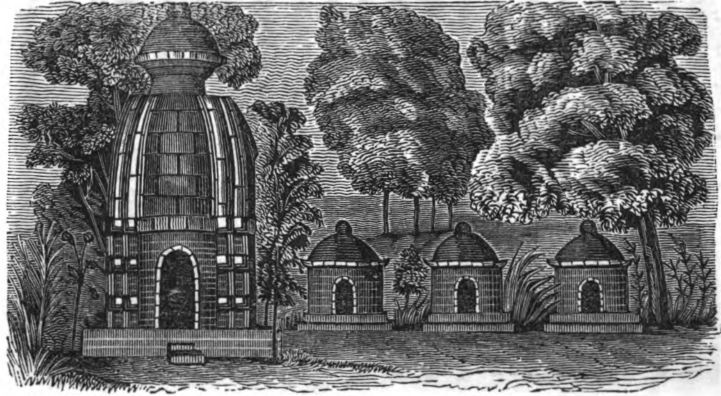
10. The tenth, or KALUNKEE incarnation is to appear with the body of a man and the head of a horse. He is to be attended by a flying horse, and to hold swords eighteen feet long in each hand, with which he is to destroy all the wicked and commence a new era. Some Hindoo enthusiasts declare that the English are the Kalunkee incarnation. Such accuse their brethren of blindness in regard to the *spirit* of their prophesies.

I once saw an old religious mendicant get into quite an extacy on this subject. Said he, "I tell you brethren, you are all in dark ness, you look only at the *letter* and do not understand the *spirit* of prophesy. The veil has been taken from my eyes, and I see that

the English are the Kalunkee incarnation, glory to the immortal Bishnoo." Thus he harangued a company of Hindoos, till his own and their passions became highly inflamed.

These incarnations to which we have referred, have temples dedicated to them, and receive universal adoration.

I shall not have time to allude to the little divinities, the offspring of Brumha, Bishnoo, and Sheba, but I doubt not the reader has had enough of this absurd system, which has been presented *unvarnished* from a somewhat extensive reading of the Hindoo books.



TEMPLE OF MAHADABE AT KASARAPOOR, AND TOMBS OF PRIESTS.

But may we not gain some wholesome instruction even from so insipid a subject as Hindoo Mythology? We are by no means to place this subject on the same level with stories of genii and ghosts which are made the gossip of the unenlightened in all countries. This is a system of *religion* believed to be divine and highly venerated by nearly 134 millions of our fellow men, and for which thousands have been willing to make the greatest sacrifices possible to man. This vile system of religion has formed the character of the Hindoos. It is interwoven with all their thoughts and practices, and has entrenched their minds within strong holds that no ordinary power will ever succeed in battering down.

1. Hindooism is strong from the fact that it has been deeply engraven upon the youthful mind. It is taught to the little child at school and becomes intermingled with his very nature. The Hindoo refers to the inconsistent fables of his gods as though they were moral truths that require no proof at all. It is enough that the *shastres sayso*, and the fact that the sentiment if found in the shastres must give a final quietus to debate.

After having listened to several foolish stories of his gods, from a venerable Brahmin, he asked with great gravity if I believed *that*. I replied that I did not, and he turned away from me with an air that indicated a mixture of pity and disgust, as though he would

have said, "Poor infidel, you do not believe the bible, and why should I condescend to converse with you longer?"

2. This system of Hindooism is strong on account of its boasted antiquity. Millions of years they believe have rolled away and Hindooism stands unimpaired. The most ancient history we can present to them claims a date comparatively modern when placed by the side of the history they give of themselves.

A man said after listening to my discourse, "Sir, you tell us nothing that alarms us, though you predict the downfall of an ancient and holy religion. In former times the Mussulmans came to this country, conquered it, and strove hard to establish their reli-

gion through the destruction of Hindooism; but they failed. After having consumed the fruit of the austerities they had performed in a former birth, they were succeeded by the Portuguese, who came in for their day. They also conquered the country and labored hard to establish their religion, but they failed like their predecessors; and, having exhausted their store of merit, you English have come to take your turn. You have conquered the country and are laboring to establish your religion, but like those who have gone before you, you will fail; and when your store of merit has become exhausted you will give place to some other nation. Now, why should we change our venerable religion for the creatures of

a day? During all the changes and political convulsions to which our country has been subject, Hindooism has stood upon its *everlasting* basis, and it will continue to stand when all these modern innovators shall be engulphed in oblivion." Such is the general feeling of the Hindoos.

3. *Constancy* in religious practices is extolled by the Hindoos as the greatest of all virtues. Their books abound with stories of eminent sages who withstood violent temptations from demons, that assumed all sorts of shapes for the express purpose of breaking up the penance of the holy men. But neither entreaties, flatteries, or threats, were able to change their purpose. Such stories have a tendency to keep the Hin-

doos always upon their guard, and to cause them to look with great suspicion upon the least effort to convert them to Christianity. Their very countenances seem to say, whenever they listen to the gospel, "Here is the sly and evil machination of some demon striving to destroy my constancy through the medium of this missionary. I will like Dhroob, the holy sage of old, set a double guard, and his words shall have no effect upon me."

4. This system of abominable idolatry has monopolized the best terms in their language. Words are the signs of ideas, hence ideas exist before words. Now, as the Hindoos have no Christian ideas, they of course have no Christian words. There are no theological

terms which we can use in translating the Bible, and in preaching the Gospel, which have not been corrupted to the very core. If we speak to the Hindoo of God, he supposes we mean that great indolent being who has subordinate deities to manage all his concerns, while he has nothing to do but to recline and sleep on the back of a great serpent. Sin consists in treading on ants and neglecting to feed the Brahmins. Regeneration consists in being transmigrated into some other body after death, and self-denial consists in self-torture. The Hindoo sees nothing peculiarly objectionable in the Bible, or in our preaching, allowing him to define all the *terms* used. In fact, though we might put the very best translation of

the Scriptures that could possibly be made into the hands of the Hindoos, it might still be asked, "How shall they hear without a preacher?"

Now Christianity must advance with aggressive step, and with a master hand seize the very words her vocabulary needs; and the Hindoo must be taught that they are no longer connected with his impurities, having been baptized into a holy theology.

5. The charms of poesy are thrown around this system of abominable idolatries. It has been our object in this work to present it in a state of nudity, having stripped it of its gaudy mantle and sparkling ornaments, which do much in commending it to the Hindoo taste. The Hindoo poet

is not wanting in that art to address the passions, which never fails to gain the attention and captivate the hearts of such as are naturally excitable.

6. Hindooism is rendered strong by its poetical exaggerations. It has no positive or comparative degree, but all is superlative. Their books never speak of any thing which is ordinarily great or small, good or bad, but all that is worthy of the poet's thoughts, is either the greatest, least, best or worst. Under the magic influence of his pen, islands become continents and continents become worlds, pools become lakes and lakes become oceans, beasts converse and reason like men, and men become gods, units are easily converted into thousands, and their chrono-

logy is not pent up within any narrow compass, but has an eternity *past* over which to expand itself, as well as an eternity to come.

Such a disposition to exaggerate on the part of all their authors has unfitted the Hindoo mind for the consideration of *sober realities.* Unless a book bears the impress of exaggeration upon its very face, it is not sufficiently interesting to claim the attention of the Hindoo. The years allotted to our world, as its legitimate age, are too *few*, too *few* persons were originally created, too *few* were saved in the ark, the patriarchs were too *few*, the kings ought to have lived a thousand years for each one, and the Apostles should at least have been

twelve thousand instead of twelve.

7. Hindooism is strong on account of its deeply exciting subjects. Their books abound with topics which are calculated to keep the passions of the soul constantly boiling over. The most tragic examples of self-sacrificing and suffering recorded in our books are ordinary occurrences compared with the penances of their gods and sages. We can tell them how Samson slew the thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass, but they can tell us how Doorga wounded a mighty giant, and that each drop of blood that issued from his veins became a monster as powerful as himself, and while she went on slaying the number still increased, till at length becoming discouraged with

her slow progress she opened her mouth and swallowed them all. Who would think of Jonah and the whale after such an account? Samson upset the temple of Dagon, but their sages and gods have long been accustomed to tossing mountains at each other as easily as did even Milton's supernatural warriors. We can tell them how the Savior wept, but they can as an offset point us to sages who have wept tears of *red hot iron*; or if we point to his agony in the garden and to his death on the cross, they can tell us of their own divinities who for centuries have rolled upon red hot plates of iron, and have lived and fattened upon melted lead and brass. What can we do with a people whose sympathies have been steeped to such

an extent? What corner of the heart is left for the reception of *common sense*? By what avenue shall the reasonable, the philosophic truths of Christianity *enter* the Hindoo mind? The missionary may indeed exhaust his store of eloquence—he may destroy his lungs with loud declamation, and weary his hands in thrashing the atmosphere, but make no more impression upon the Hindoo mind than he has made upon the idle wind. The Hindoo stands unmoved before him, and his countenance seems to make the cool reply, "We have been *used* to all this and more too." The missionary now begins to feel himself a little man. His youthful enthusiasm begins to cool, and his neck becomes accustomed to the yoke.

He begins to feel confident that neither he or any mortal has any *magic* strength by which to batter down the strong holds of Hindooism. He exclaims again and again, what can *I* do! O how STRONG is this system of abominable idolatries! To form this ingenious plan for the destruction of souls, surely all the resources of hell must have been called into action; devils must have racked their ingenuity to the utmost, and the GREAT DRAGON himself must have become *insane* with deep meditation.

But while the missionary is almost discouraged and is ready to give up the work as unfeasible, a still, small voice whispers in his ear, "*Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord.*"

They are *darkness* that may even be felt, but he is *light* itself. He is *one*, but the Hindoos have no *one* being who lays exclusive claim to infinity. He is a pure spirit, but they are believed to be connected with matter, and are subject to decay. He is a God of love, but they are filled with hate. They are *weak*, but he is *strong*, and by his almighty arm Hindooism, and all other systems of idolatry, are destined to fall with a *crash* that shall resound through earth and heaven. European law and education have been tried and they have failed to destroy Hindooism, and it now remains to be seen what God can do through the gospel. The missionary's heart is strengthened by contemplating the glorious consummation of the

work, and while his enraptured vision rests upon it and faith brings it near, he exclaims, "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still and know that I am God; *I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.* The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Then shall the great dragon be bound, that he go not forth to deceive the nations any longer, and the idols will be utterly demolished. Then shall David's seed sit upon David's throne to order and establish it for ever. The tabernacle of God will

be with men on the earth, and angels and men will join in the song, "Alleluja, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, the whole earth is full of his glory."



89094596467
B89094596467A

